

for effect; but no! every article of furniture its proper parallel, and every chair at right with its neighbor, while books and knicknacks living-room luxuries, were unknown.

I went into the kitchen and offered to assist in making a pudding. My overtures were received, but I thought that that might be my," and I proceeded to break the eggs, giving only the raisins to pick.

I don't put so much milk as that are in pudding Nancy, eyeing me keenly.

another has taught me the culinary arts with care, and I felt on strong ground while I determined my quantity of milk. Nancy answered me with some heat, and when she found me following my own recipe in silence, she dashed the flour of the table, and putting her arms around me, said,

"Miss Packard, if you will spoil the pudding, just bake it yourself!"

"I am thunderstruck! A bride, to whom for a long time I had submitted as to a queen; from whom I always had favors, and requests privileges! I am in a great rush to my face, my hands trembled, failing to expose my agitation, I quietly laid the materials I was preparing, and said, with a effort at calmness,

"Finish the pudding, and bake it for dinner!"—*actions of a housekeeper.*

"It is a strange delusion for men to suppose that happiness consists in riches. Contentment can be found in splendor and magnificence; or that princes have sometimes exchanged the splendor of a palace for the more simple enjoyment of life? Why is the countenance of the rich marred with thought and anxiety, while the poor on their way shouting and exulting in the gifts which God hath given them? Why does the man who has grown in wealth look back to the poverty and ask himself why he cannot rejoice over the much as he then did over the little?

#### MAN'S NOBLEST ACT.

We said that in the works of benevolence human nature produces the greatest and the most effect. History is filled with illustrations of this remark.

The world has for nearly thousand years been filled with the fame of Julius Caesar.

He was the *last* spirit of his age; and

it was that age agitated by the workings of his

But what traces has he left upon the ages come after him? In what is the world the better or the worse for his having lived?

And I would have been as wise and as happy,

as his fame and his achievements had never

the limits of Brundusium. The effect of his

seen in the revolution of a world from Pagan-

Christianity. Every thing we behold around

which distinguishes us from the savage Britons,

witness to the changes which through the

the gospel, he wrought in the destinies

Of Charles V. I have read much, but I see

on the face of society that reminds me of his

But this solid temple, the liberty to wor-

ship within its consecrated walls, the civil free-

dom of our commonwealth and our country, and all

of improvement in which the age hath

all, of it done homage to the name of Martin

Such examples as these, (and history is full

of them,) teach us, that in the works of benevolence,

we act most worthily of his high destination,

teach us, moreover, that this is the cause, and

the cause, to the success of which the omnipotence

of God is pledged, and which, therefore, though

other should fail, shall infallibly succeed. But

not left to conjecture on this subject. Jehovah

hath promised that vice and misery

are done away by human effort; and planting on

the cross of his beloved Son, he hath left to

the universe the all-sufficient guarantee that the

shall be fully and triumphantly accomplished.—

—A young man, who had attended more

education of his head than of his mind, flattered

himself that he could better his condition by

leaving his feet, rather than an empty skull,—issued

owing proposals:—

*Sing Skull*—miserable lightfoot proposes to

dancing skull in which the helquent hart will

in the new west fashion. Lad dies and gen-

hoe may sea fight to patron eyes him in his

will in ples to sin than names to this ear

Not a Bean a Skull toe bee o pin as son as

a sinners do sin."

ark—Very appos for a dancing master.

*FORD'S HISTORY OF MASSACHUSETTS*—

—History of Massachusetts, for two hundred years, from 1620 to 1820—by Abden Bradford. For sale by RUSSELL & CO., 121 Washington Street.

11.

*REMOVAL.*

LES B. MASON has removed from No. 15 Dock

to No. 10 Clinton Street, where he keeps constant

and a good assortment of Hats, Caps and Umbrellas,

and Caps made to order at short notice.

*GEES AND RUSSIA FEATHERS,*

—Boston, 8 & 10 Duxbury Square, BOSTON.

ERS & HASKELL offer for sale best Northern

and Southern Live Geese and Russia FEATHERS, which are free from smell or molt.

March 11.

*BOOKS FOR MOTHERS.*

SE'S MANUAL and YOUNG MOTHER'S GUIDE;

containing advice on the management of infants; and

and observed by the mother, before and after child-birth;

and S. Kissam, M. D., the object of this book is to enter into the details of its use to the infant, during the first

of its life. The advice given to young mothers will

greatly benefit, as peculiar circumstances, or their

easy of feeling, may often prevent them from gaining

more experienced friends.

In this city, by RUSSELL, OGDORNE & CO.,

Washington street.

*TERMS OF THE HERALD.*

THE HERALD is published weekly at \$2.00 per annum

within two weeks from the time of subscription. If payment

neglected after this, \$2.00 will be charged, and \$0.50

at the close of the year.

Subscriptions discontinued at the expiration of eighteen

and one-half years.

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Biographies, accounts of revivals, and other matters

of interest, must be accompanied with the names of the

agents to be particular to write the names of sub-

scribers, and the name of the post office to which papers are to

be sent in such a manner that there can be no misunderstanding

as to the time of publication.

“So then it has come out at last, what we in New Eng-

land can do for the slave: we must take the *Liberator*!!!

pay for the *Liberator*!!!

# ZION'S HERALD.

Published by the Boston Wesleyan Association, under the Patronage of the New England Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

VOL. VI. No. 13.

ZION'S HERALD.  
Office No. 19 Washington St.

BENJ. KINGSBURY, JR., EDITOR.  
ASSISTED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF GENTLEMEN.

DAVID H. ELIA, Printer.

ZION'S HERALD.

Mr. EDITOR—By the politeness of a friend, I have just received the “Liberator” for Feb. 28th, containing Prof. Whedon's article entitled “Foreign Interference,” and headed with the following caption, by the Editor:—

“The following article we have perused with feelings of horror. Its spirit is clearly murderous, especially as it is manifested in the words we have italicized. He who thus write, like an assassin, needs only darkness, opportunity, and courage, to strike a deadly blow. Who or what its author is, we know not, except that we believe he is a professor, in the Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Conn., and the sanguinary advocate of the American Colonization Society. We presume he from the South, and a slaveholder, or the son of a slaveholder. His piece is calculated to stir up the evil passions of wicked men, and to lead them to assassinate the noble philanthropist whom it attacks. It has been long apparent that the Wesleyan University is one of the strongestholds of Southern despotism. It will be remembered that our esteemed brethren, Charles Stuart and Charles W. Denison, were mobbed in Middletown; much to the gratification of many of the students of the University.”

I do not quote the above, with an idea of answering it, or entering any defence against the gratuitous slander it contains. The character of the paragraph, and the character of the source whence it emanates, unite in forbidding such a course. My principal object, in presenting the above paragraph, is to show the readers of the Herald to what a pitch of aeronomy and gall the modern spirit of abolitionism is propelling its votaries. This is a fair specimen of the articles and lectures that frequently drop from their lips. It is really wonderful to witness how poor human nature is hurried into extremes, by strong exciting causes. Men will start on some truly benevolent object, with much of the milk of human-kindness in their bosoms; but after a little excitement and agitation, this milk is changed into gall and wormwood. In the pursuit of their favorite object, every one that differs from them, even in the mode of its accomplishment, is anathematized: and when it is broken up, what shall we have in its stead? Do not these men see that ruin to the master and slave, ruin to the nation, will be the consequence? Yea, ruin, probably, to the cause of freedom itself, throughout the world? Then will the Holy Alliance, then will the autocrats and despots of the eastern hemisphere hold their jubilee, and the chains of millions of slaves will be riveted for centuries? Can any one doubt but these men, as soon as they feel themselves strong enough, will attack the constitution? They have already denounced it as wicked! desperately wicked! And one of their maxims is, “We are not to look at consequences.” Whatever is judged to be sinful must be assailed at once, and without any reserve. Of course, the way is already prepared for the attack upon the constitution—for the doctrine of “hell torments” had never been disproved; otherwise his disproving it would not “introduce a new epoch in history.” Where then is the antiquity of Universalism?

2. He concedes the fact, that the doctrine stands on so firm a base, and is so firmly supported, that the work of disproving it will be a greater work than any other which the offspring of Adam have ever commenced; not excepting the works of creation, preservation, and redemption. We know how to prize the concessions of an enemy, and would request your wise men to show us one distinctive feature of your system, which will require so great an effort to disprove it. This doctrine must stand on so firm a base, by his showing, that an infinite power will be necessary to overthrow it.

3. That up to the time of writing this sermon, the doctrine of “hell torments” had never been disproved; otherwise his disproving it would not “introduce a new epoch in history.” Where then is the antiquity of Universalism?

4. This writer has undertaken to do something more important than was ever done by Washington, or even by Jesus Christ. “The offspring of Adam have commemorated” the works of God, in the creation, preservation, and redemption of the whole world. There are some concessions in this piece of bombast, which should be noticed.

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## ZION'S HERALD.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1, 1835.

## LIBELLOUS! LIBELLOUS!!

Miss Reed's book has produced a more than ordinary excitement among the Papists. Observe how Mr. Pepper writes under the lash! Mr. Croswell, alluded to in such infamous language, is Rector of Christ's Church, (Episcopal) in this city—*one of our most respected citizens*. Surely, Protestants will not look tamely and passively on, while an illiterate foreigner—full of froth and bombast—thus outrageously insults our own fair country-women and those citizens of whom we have just reason to be proud!—a foreigner who tramples upon our holy institutions, and who is fast arraying his own people, by the force of prejudice, against Americans.

“But why notice at all this unique specimen of vanity?” inquires the reader.

Not because it affords us pleasure, we can assure our kind-hearted querist. We take up our pen to notice such an Editor with loathing. But we believe the public good requires his exposure. If he were simply and solely, George Pepper, we should consider him beneath our notice; but he is the representative of the Roman Catholic Church in this section. The Jesuit, edited by the Bishop, was merged in the Sentinel, and Mr. P. recommended as a man of talent. What, therefore, we find of the Sentinel, we consider as passing under the sanction of the Bishop. Were it not for this, we would not waste ink and risk our reputation in such a contest.

But what would be the consequence to our nation, and to our religious privileges, if such men—displaying the worst passions—should gain the ascendancy? What?—What? What would become of our schools?—*Destroyed!* What of our churches?—*Changed to temples of sanctified impiety!* What of our present republican institutions?—*Tangled ignorantly in the dust!* Patriots! Christians! look well to your hearts—your altars—your temples. They are in danger! Already Papery numbers more adherents than any other denomination, and within a few years they will exceed all combined! They leave no place unvisited. The quiet hamlet is alike visited with the spoliator.

**IMPOTENT AND IMPUDENT FALSEHOOD.**—A wretched, illiterate woman, “of no character at all,” to whom, from pure motives of charity, the Lady Superior of the Charlestown Convent, afforded, some time ago an asylum, has become the tool and dupe of an ignorant fanatic parson of the name of Croswell, who rants and roars every Sunday, in a Methodistical psalm-house, in Charlestown, and in his instigation, obtruded on the public attention, an infamous and libelous book, entitled “Six Months in a Convent.” The vulgarity of Croswell's style of fiction, for that despicable fanatic is the real author of the vile work, is only surpassed by his incredible and wicked falsehoods. In our next we shall expose the clumsy and calumnious fictions, of which the continent Mr. Croswell has become the father by the virtuous woman, Rebecca Reed, whom the Lady Superior, from an impulse of benevolence, snatched from starvation. Every person of knowledge and mind, who has read the disgusting book, declares that it is a tissue of the rudest ignorance, and the vilest falsehood, such, indeed, as might have been expected from such a literary Platonian pair of lovers, as the ingrate woman Reed, and the psalm-ranting parson Croswell.

**SAD ACCIDENT.**—In New York, on Tuesday afternoon, 14th inst., at the launching of the new ship *Toronto*, part of the scaffold around another ship gave way, on which were about 100 persons, and they were all precipitated to the ground, about 25 feet. A young man named Douglass, and a lad named Wm. Downing, had each an arm and leg broken; a sailor had his collar-bone fractured, and a young man named Smithers, had his back broken. Many other persons were seriously injured. The number of persons present is estimated at eight thousand.

**AMERICANS, AWAKE! AWAKE!**—A New York paper states that it has been ascertained, from the official records at the Custom Houses, that within the last twelve months upwards of *six hundred Roman Catholic priests have arrived in the United States, from other countries!*

[Correspondence of Zion's Herald.]

## THE CONTEST BEGUN.

New York Protestant Association—Papists Alarmed—Meeting for Discussion—Catholic Riot—Influence of Papery on the Populace.

**DEAR BROTHER.**—In one of my former letters I informed you of an Association of clergymen of New York for the discussion of Papery, called the Protestant Association. It seems that this profane combination of heretics has excited the alarm of the “Holy Mother Church,” and that, acting upon the authority of her old motto that “The Church is infallible,” she has begun to revive the long tried and venerable *modus operandi* of putting down such “aburd and erroneous ravings for liberty of conscience which is a most pestilential error,” as his holiness the present Pope, calls it in his last Encyclical Letter.

A few weeks since the Association published a notice that they would hold a series of meetings to commence on the evening of March 13th, for the discussion of the political bearings of Papery, and respectfully invited the Catholic clergy to attend, giving them the privilege to reply in their own vindication. The Catholics, aware that they had chancions to meet of no ordinary talents and intrepidity, thought it preferable to put an end to this “pestilential error,” by a more summary process,

“And prove their doctrine orthodox,

By apostolic blow and knocks.”

The place of meeting was Broadway Hall. A considerable time before the appointed hour, a large collection of Papists met, and stationed themselves in the principal entrance to the room, jamming so much the doo-way and stairs that the officers of the Association had to effect their entrance by a back way. The number of the mob is estimated at about two hundred—a most sorry, motley looking group, breathing the fumes of liquid fire as strongly as they foamed from the still of the venerable Deacon Giles during the nights that the demons labored so mightily for him.

Their prospects are still good. Some are inquiring what they shall do to be saved. May the Lord ride on from conquering to conquer, till the world shall be filled with his glory! Amen! P. CRANDON, JR.

We have some revival here at present. About fifty in this town have lately found peace in believing.

Yours, &c. H. S. RAMSDELL.

Killingly, Conn., March 26, 1835.

## THE HISTORY OF A MODERATE DRINKER.

My grandfather was a quiet industrious farmer who had accumulated a comfortable estate by the simple arts of rural industry. He had a large family, and, though he had his own well-toned, but still unfeeling, slender body, may be, but surely, the most vigorous constitution. Feeling the hand of old age gradually neutralizing his energies, he looked around on his children for some one to settle on his place and sooth his declining years. His choice fell on Emory Rawson, the husband of Elvira, his youngest and favorite daughter. Rawson was a little man, full of life and animation. Being active and vigorous, he could accomplish a great deal of work, but unfortunately he had a habit which rendered his industry as a trial of patience. He was a *moderate drinker of ardent spirit*. Old Rawson, the father, was one of those who failed to regard rum as one of the necessities of life, and therefore had accustomed his sons to sit at the fatal glass. Reared by such a parent, it is not strange that Emory, when he came to act for himself, should turn to drinking as one of his chief enjoyments. He followed out most faithfully the notions of his father. I say notions—not principles; these are supposed to have some degree of reason on their foundation. But what reason is there why a man should drink a poison which will make him a fool, a lunatic, a pauper, and a loathsome to the hearts over which God ordained him as a master?

Emory settled on the farm of his father-in-law, and thought himself in a fair way of getting an estate. He received a deal of half the place on condition of maintaining the old folks, as he called them, during the remainder of their lives. Affairs went very smoothly for a season. Emory toiled with diligence on a farm which he already looked upon as his own. The old gentleman came

Judging from the allusion to a *PISTOL*, in the following, written against the Editor of the *Daily Advocate*, Mr.

blood does not boil when he sees his fellow citizens thus insulted, their most important immunities trodden in the dust, and the laws scoffed with defiance by the ruffian emissaries of a foreign despot? Suppose that a Catholic meeting were to be thus invaded, and robustly broken up by Protestants, what denunciations would ring through the land against the perpetrators of such an outrage, and what commiseration be expressed for “the poor persecuted Catholics!” But are these tumultuous foreigners entitled to more forbearance and sympathy than our own fellow citizens?

The above occurrence is but a specimen of the influence of Papery on the populace. This has been its influence, as it is recorded with the blood of patriots and good men in all its history—this is its influence wherever it prevails at present, and this will be its influence among us, as is portended by the most unquestionable indications—indications that stare us in the face throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Yours, &c. G. H. L.

**COURTS MARTIAL.**—The Hon. James M. Wayne, while addressing the head of the War Department, on the subject of Intemperance, made the following observation:

“In our little army of 5642 men, there have been, of course, courts martial, within five years; of which five-sixths are chargeable to Intemperance!”—*Mercantile Journal.*

After puzzling our brain, and dipping into our inkstand eight or ten times to stir up an idea fit to accompany so important a fact as the above, and render it more impressive, we concluded to throw it out upon its own merits. Indeed, it contains within the compass of a nutshell a volume of argument in favor of temperance.

How is it?—Will the Lady Superior inform us whether in the long list of names she furnished the Court at Cambridge, as owned by herself, she did not forget one? Should she not have added “Burroughs?” We ask for information, and seriously, whether she is not the daughter of the notorious Rev. Stephen Burroughs, of picture-making memory, in Canada? We trust that on account of the extremely placid character of her disposition, the Bishop, were it not for this, we would not waste ink and risk our reputation in such a contest.

But what would be the consequence to our nation, and to our religious privileges, if such men—displaying the worst passions—should gain the ascendancy? What?—What?

What would become of our schools?—*Destroyed!*

What of our churches?—*Changed to temples of sanctified impiety!*

What of our present republican institutions?—*Tangled ignorantly in the dust!* Patriots! Christians!

They are in danger! Already Papery numbers more adherents than any other denomination, and within a few years they will exceed all combined! They leave no place unvisited. The quiet hamlet is alike visited with the spoliator.

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What of our churches?—*Changed to temples of sanctified impiety!*

What of our present republican institutions?—*Tangled ignorantly in the dust!* Patriots! Christians!

They are in danger! Already Papery numbers more adherents than any other denomination, and within a few years they will exceed all combined! They leave no place unvisited. The quiet hamlet is alike visited with the spoliator.

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it does, upon the judicial reputation of an learned Judge, Mr. Walsh has shown in love with Popery than with the rules of eccl. Under our very eyes, we have received exhibitions of indiscriminate insolence, Catholic journals published in the city of which, within the last fortnight, has published an article, reflecting upon the character of the Episcopal Church.

large specimen of the existing and advan-

ces period, (the year 1735), when, said Bishop as come, I know not how, to be taken for any persons, that Christianity is not so much inquiry, but that it is now of length discus-

sions; and accordingly they treat it, as if, in

this were an agreement among all people

and ridicule, as it were by way of re-

soving so long interrupted the pleasures of

At that period, the whole kingdom of Great

ending fast to infidelity. Now, Mr. King-

is a Methodist, but I cannot forget that it is

good truth, that the Methodist of that day

was more instrumental in stemming the torrent.

I, I am not a Methodist; but it is to me a

satisfaction to multiply those occasions,

by laboring together, shoulder to shoulder,

God and man, we may learn a little of the

mystery of loving one another. The abate-

ment influence in our country, is an object of

greatest to all who are opposed to Antichrist and

and I devoutly trust, that the Methodists of the

will prove as successful in their opposition

to Infidelity, precisely one hundred

NO JESUIT.

the most heartily respond, and in confidence,

of the holy Wesley is abroad among his fol-

lowers.

have read "No Jesuit's" articles, have al-

most all communication upon the subject of

is accompanied by the proper name of the

to be admitted.

ENTIAL DELIVERANCE FROM

SLAVERY.

space last week, we omitted to mention a

all—Colonizationists, Abolitionists, and

and rejoice together.

the 1st of Feb. the brig Enterprise, of New York, Charleston to Alexandria, and having 78

put into Bermuda in distress. The noble-

duians soon learned the fact, and a writ of

was served upon the slaves, commanding

and answer for themselves, whether they

therefore, or proceed to their destined port,

by the authorities here, and if you do

again, you will become, as I have observed, a

and will be punished for any breach or break-

of this colony; while, if you conduct your

soberness, honesty and industry, you

encouragement from the whole commun-

therefore wish to remain and be a free per-

son to your voyage to the vessel's destined port,

slave?"

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the following explanation:

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DELIRIUM TREMENS.

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In such persons, the breaking of a bone, the occurrence of a fever, exposure to cold, or any circumstance which greatly deranges the vital functions, is sufficient to kindle the latent spark, and this delirium, with all its terrific accompaniments, makes its appearance.

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A fire broke out on Saturday evening, 14th inst., in a

frame house in Apple alley, near Fleet street, Baltimore, a portion of which was destroyed. An old black woman, long known in this city by the name of Old Hager, occupied an upper room, to which it was impossible to gain access, and she was accordingly burnt to death. She was buried in a coffin in which she had been in the habit of sleeping for many years.

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Sargent, C. Braulieu, I. Bulles, E. Rolinson, S. Merrill,

I. Barrows, Walker & Walbridge, R. Partridge, N. Dela-

had it really been present. In no other instance have I seen such an impressive representation of horror as that depicted on this man's countenance. In the very agonies of death, covered with bruises that he had received by falling over sharp stones, when barely able to support himself on his frithless limbs, when his eyes, pale as phosphorus, his widely opened eyes and agonized features showed that they still retained possession of his imagination, and filled his mind with dread unutterable.—"Observe on this occasion," a physician remarks, "a patient trembling in his cell, I asked him what was the matter, to which he replied, that there was a rattlesnake under his bed, that some persons were attempting to shoot; and in order to escape being shot, had left his bed, and taken refuge in this position. I have also," he continues, "seen a patient press his back against the wall with his utmost force, in order to keep his mind from the thoughts of death. It is strange that the victims of such a disease should be thought to suffer, before death, in anticipation of the pain and helplessness. The Christian from duty, and the philanthropist from feeling, will no doubt call and see him; but the instruments of torture are not spectres sent from another world; these sufferings are the penalties that, in this life, a righteous God has annexed to the violation of his law."

In a day or two he was put into the ground and buried. There were several ministers at the funeral, and each spoke kindly to me, but could not comfort me. Alas! they knew not what a load of sorrow lay on my heart. They could not comfort me. My father was buried, and the children all scattered abroad, for my mother was too feeble to take care of them.

It was twelve years after this, while in college, that I went alone to the grave of my father, and took a long while to find it; but there, with its simple stone, and its mossy stones, and its pale face, and hear his voice. Oh! the thought of that sin and wickedness cut me to the heart. It seemed as if worlds would not be much to give, could I then only have called loud enough, to have him hear me ask his forgiveness. But it was too late. He had been in the grave twelve years, and I must live and die, weeping over that ungrateful falsehood. May God forgive me."—*Todd's Lectures.*

BISHOP MCKENDREE DEAD!

We have the sad information to communicate, that the senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church has fallen—but honorably; and fully ripe. He was about seventy-eight years of age, and had been a Methodist preacher about fifty years. The Western Methodist says:

"With regard to the state of his mind, the Bishop said—'All is well, for time or for eternity: I live by faith in the Son of God. For me to live is Christ; to die is gain.' In his most emphatic manner he repeated—'I wish that point to be perfectly understood, that all is well with me whether I live or die. For two months,' said he, 'I have had no cloud to darken my hope; I have had uninterrupted confidence in my Saviour's love.' He commenced repeating the stanza—

'Not a cloud can arise, to darken my skies,  
Or hide for a moment my Lord from my eyes,'  
but not being able to finish the couplet, it was finished for him.

With regard to the circumstances of his interment, he summed up his wishes in the following expressive sentence: "I wish to be buried in the ancient Methodist style, like an old Christian minister." He had ordered the bedsheet on which his venerable father died years ago to be brought in; but if we mistake not, the same bed and bedding to be placed upon it, as he wished to die where his father died. Upon this couch he waited the coming of the messenger of death.

"In the interval between the Sabbath and the Thursday following when he died, he suffered but little pain; was calm, composed, and awaited the coming of his Lord like one whose earthly labor had been done and well done.

Many were the gracious expressions which he whispered to one and another of his friends, during those last days of his life; many of which will doubtless be treasured up and hereafter given to the public. To his nephew, Dudley McKendree, he said, 'Follow me as I have followed Christ, only closer to Christ.' He was remarkably fond of the phrase, 'All is well.' With this he would almost invariably answer every question which related to the state of his mind; this, indeed, was his last connected expression, although the last word he ever uttered in mortal hearing was 'Yes,' in answer to the question asked him as he was dying. 'Is all well now?'

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## Poetry.

## THE PRAYER IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

In the deep wilderness, unseen, she prayed,  
The daughter of Jerusalem:—alone  
With all the still small whispers of the night,  
And with the searching glances of the stars,  
And with her God, alone! She lifted up  
Her sad, sweet voice, while trembling o'er her head  
The dark leaves thrill'd with prayer; the fearful prayer  
Of woman's quenched, yet repentant love.

“ Father of Spirits, hear!  
Look on the innocent soul, to Thee revealed;  
Look on the fountain of the burning tear,  
Before thy sight in solitude unsealed!

“ Hear, Father! hear and aid!  
If I have loved too well, if I have shed  
In my vain fondness, o'er a mortal head,  
Gifts, on thy shrine, my God, more fitly laid;

“ If I have sought to live  
But in one light, and made mortal eye  
The lonely star of my idolatry,  
—Thou that art love! oh, pity and forgive!

“ Chastened and school'd at last,  
No more, no more my struggling spirit burns,  
But fix'd on Thee, from that vain worship turns!

—What have I said!—the deep dream is not past!

“ Yet hear! if still I love,  
Oh! still too fondly—if for ever seen,  
An earthly image comes my soul between,  
And thy calm glory, Father, throned above;

“ If still a voice is near,  
(Even while I strive these wanderings to control,)  
An earthly voice, disquieting my soul,  
With its deep music, too intensely dear;

“ O Father, draw to thee  
My lost affections back! the dreaming eyes  
Clear from their mist—sustain the heart that dies;  
Give the worn soul once more its pinions free!

“ I must love on, O God!  
This bosom must love on!—but let thy breath  
Touch and make pure the flame that knows no death,  
Bearing it up to heaven, Love's own abode!”

Ages and ages past, the wilderness  
With its dark cedars; and the thrilling night  
With her pale stars; and the mysterious winds,  
Frightened with all sound, were conscious of those prayers.  
How many such hath woman's bursting heart  
Since then in silence and in darkness breath'd,  
Like a dim night flower's odor up to God!

## Biographical.

## MRS. SUSAN STORMS.

Died in Monument, Mass., Feb. 1, 1835, aged 45. She was consort of Capt. Peter Storms. In early life she was hopelessly converted, and was filled with peace in believing. Being, however, surrounded with worldly care, she ultimately in some measure lost her enjoyment. In her last illness, which was very distressing, she called upon God. He heard her prayer, and gave her the victory. She was enabled, through grace, to bear pain with patience, and to commit her husband, children, friends, and all her concerns, into the hands of her God. Her death was triumphant and glorious. GEO. WINCHESTER.

Monument, March 17, 1835.

## FOR ZION'S HERALD.

## MR. THOMAS RICH.

Died in Truro, Mass., on the 25th of February, 1835, in the 64th year of his age, after a protracted illness, which he bore with Christian fortitude and resignation.

Brother Rich has been a member of the M. E. Church more than thirty years, and although the last three months of his life he was confined to a sick bed, and suffered with incessant pain, he could say that his trust was in God. As he grew weaker in body, he became more happy in his soul; and while his children stood by his bedside weeping, he fell asleep in Jesus, leaving a good evidence behind that he has gone to join the Church triumphant, above.

THOMAS DODGE.

South Truro, March 3d, 1835.

MRS. DEBORAH HILTON,  
Wife of Lieut. Andrew Hilton, died in Newmarket, N. H., February 8th, 1835, aged 68 years.

Sister H. was for many years a worthy member of the M. E. Church. Her last sickness was long and distressing, yet she bore her sufferings with Christian patience and resignation to the will of God. As she lived the life of the righteous, her end was peaceful and happy. She rests from her labors and her works do follow her.

W. J. KIDDER.

Newmarket, March 23, 1835.

## Miscellaneous.

## FOR ZION'S HERALD.

## RATHER SINGULAR!!

MR. EDITOR—Many are raising their voices long and loud, crying,

“ Lo! Christ is here,  
And Christ is there,”

to the great detriment of scores who are sincerely inquiring after truth. This is an age of wonders and of great religious speculation. Christianity is attacked on every side. The adherents of the “ Man of Sin” have unfurled their bloody banners, and the black flag of the Papal church is waving in fiendish triumph over many of the fruitful fields of republican America! “ ICHABOD! ICHABOD!” will soon be written on the doors and altars of our churches, unless papal influence is speedily checked in our country. *Lord, have mercy on us!*

But there is another denomination, whose doctrines are as deleterious as those of the church of Rome. I mean the Universalist. At heart they are infidels! Infidels? Yes, infidels; though I blush for the honor of the Christian name, while I record it. Their preachers go from one neighborhood, town, and city, to another, as fast as carriages and steamboats will carry them; while their periodicals fly as on the wings of the wind! Certainly, they labor with a zeal worthy of a better cause.

Sometime in the course of last year, a Universalist minister visited Westfield, Mass., and preached several evenings in the Town Hall. Soon they began to preach on the Sabbath, and gathered around them a congregation composed of different sorts of people, no matter whom; drunkards, gamblers, and swarers, will always attend a Universalist meeting. Things went smoothly on, until it was announced that the renowned HOSEA BALLOU would preach in town on a Sabbath evening. Every heart beat high, and the votaries of “ impartial grace” were expecting that the

arguments and eloquence of this apostle of Universalism would tend greatly to establish them in the faith, and advance their cause. Rev. Mr. B. took for his text—“ Thou shalt not surely die;” a very good text indeed for a Universalist. He could not have found a better one. But instead of sound arguments and strong reasons, a flood of sarcasm was poured upon the orthodox; and instead of making converts to Universalism, Mr. B. was actually an instrument of making at least one convert to Methodism. Wonderful, indeed! but it was actually so. One man was convinced by the sophistry and obvious contradictions of the preacher, that the doctrine he was advocating must be radically and fundamentally wrong. He sought and found the Lord, and is now a worthy member of the M. E. Church. Others who were inclining to this heresy have since been converted. Universalist preaching is given up in that town.

J. D. BRIDGE.

West Springfield, March, 1835.

LOCKE.—A gentleman once said to this distinguished man, “ It is really incredible how you could acquire so general a knowledge upon all subjects. Pray, sir, how did you acquire it?”

He replied, putting his hand upon his head, “ I was never ashamed, when young, to ask for information. I conversed with all sorts of men, and made myself as familiar with the secrets of their profession, as if they were my own.”—This is a capital rule, if one would learn all of human nature.

ANECDOTE OF GEORGE III.—The King one day conversing with one of his tradesmen, whom he knew to be a Presbyter, asked him, “ Does your parson ever pray for me?”

“ In good truth he does, your Majesty,” replied the Scotchman, “ and from his very heart, too.”

“ I dare say he does; I dare say he does;” rejoined the King, “ for you know he is not paid for it.”—*Christian Guardian.*

THE THREATENED CANING.—Mr. Hamilton, late Agent in Michigan Territory, says, on entering a house I asked the father if he wished to buy religious books.

“ Do you sell such?” said he.

“ I do.”

“ I have made a promise to *can* any man out of my house, who offers such books for sale here.”

“ Well, sir, you perceive you have the opportunity; or I can walk out without caning.”

He suffered me peaceably to withdraw, dropping on his premises three Tracts. Some time after, I passed his house again, when seeing me, he called me in.

“ My dear sir,” said he, “ I beg your forgiveness. Never shall I use another man as I did you; and never shall I say again, ‘ I am an Infidel,’ which was the title of one of *the* Tracts you left with me.”

He is now an influential member of the Temperance Society.—*Tract Magazine.*

The following extract from a manuscript sketch of the town of Groton, purports to be copied *verbatim et literatim* from the ancient records of that town:—

March 28th, 1682. two Indian Squaws being apprehended in drinke and with drinke brought to the Selectmen, one Squaw Nechatchochins Squaw being drunke was sentenced to recive and did receive ten stripes the other John Nasquon's Squaw was sentenced to pay 3s. 4d. cash and loose her two quart bottle and the Liquor in it averted to *Sargent Lakin, who seized them!*

This sentence was in pursuance of an order of the Selectmen made in January, 1681, by which the Indians were to be warned out of town, and a penalty affixed to any one being found drunk, in drink, or with drink, in the town afterwards.—*Franklin Mercury.*

FLATTERING.—John Galt says that no species of literature affords so wide a scope for arrogance, or calls for less knowledge, than the *editorship of a newspaper!*

The fair and gifted Fanny Kemble considers the term “newspaper editor” synonymous with “bug.”—*Merc. Journal.*

MUSICAL.—One of the books used in Prussia to furnish instruction in Singing, is entitled “ *Hering's Musikalisches Volkschulengesangbuch.*”

PREACHERS.

The editor of the Portland Advertiser is an admirable satirist, and has a charming way of “ rapping folks over the knuckles.” He is at present in Canada, writing letters to his elbow chair. In his last he mentions having gone to church on a Sunday, where a British regiment were at service. He says of the officiating priest: “ A sensible man preached for us, who did not care much about what he was saying, and of course his auditors did not care much about him. If a minister preaches like a man talking in his sleep, an audience are not to blame if they close their eyes also.”

CITY OF LISBON.

There was no want of beggars in the streets; they, like the dogs, had a regular beat. One old lady, very well dressed, took up her position daily on a heap of dry mud, in the middle of the Alcereim, and sent an emissary in the shape of a pretty little girl, to implore the passengers slowly moving up the ascent, for “ *alguma coisa*,” something for the kitchen. And if a person entered a shop, two or three old women would enter it also, and without being checked by the shopkeeper, would “ *borr*” the purchases for the shopkeeper, who “ *borr*” the purchases for the shopkeeper. This forced charity was intolerable. But I was diverted with certain insinuating fellows in red gowns, and banners with a picture of the Virgin on them, who, “ *has in hand*,” used to be seen approaching people, and in a whining tone asking for something for a convent to which they belonged, holding out the banner at the same time to be kissed by the devout. I saw it often saluted, without anyunction to the palm of the standard-bearer. Besides the abominable state of the streets, the municipal authorities are highly to blame for allowing the most horrid objects to expose for a convent to which they belonged, holding out the banner at the same time to be kissed by the devout. I saw it often saluted, without anyunction to the palm of the standard-bearer. Besides the abominable state of the streets, the municipal authorities are highly to blame for allowing the most horrid objects to expose for a convent to which they belonged, holding out the banner at the same time to be kissed by the devout. I saw it often saluted, without anyunction to the palm of the standard-bearer. Besides the abominable state of the streets, the municipal authorities are highly to blame for allowing the most horrid objects to expose for a convent to which they belonged, holding out the banner at the same time to be kissed by the devout. 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